The Chief and His Household

Modern improvements have not been carried so far among them as to furnish the convenience of bells, such as are used to call waiters in our fashionable hotels, but as a substitute mine host of the wigwam had tied a deerskin cord to the corner of each of his wive's buffalo mattresses, the other end extending under the canvas into his own tent, thus rendering only a slight twitch necessary to communicate intelligence their presence was required. It was their duty to attend him, come at his call and go at his bidding, standing towards him as much in the relation of slaves as of wives.

He was the civil chief as distinguished from the war chief, and consequently the head of the tribe. This dignity carried with it the privilege of possessing four wives, a common Indian being allowed to have but one, subordinate officers two, and the war chief three. His name was Osolo, which translated into Anglo Saxon, signifies "the Big Wolf." He had eight children, four of whom still remained in their mothers' tents, two had grown to manhood and taken wives to themselves, while two daughters had likewise left the paternal wigwam for the matrimonial lodge.

I had an opportunity now of observing their manner of preparing and partaking breakfast, which certainly was not attended with an extraordinary ceremony or display. Outside the tent, in front of the door, two logs lay side by side. Between them the fire was kindled. A long slice of horseflesh was attached to the end of a stick, some four feet in length, by which the meat was held over the fire, and when barely warmed through was brought into the tent, the handle end of the stick thrust into the ground, the long slice dangling from the other end, resembling a drooping blood-red flag. Kiln-dried corn was next boiled and mashed and served in a large dish made of bark. Breakfast was then

3:Wallace & Hoebel E-4, 5 (1933, 1945) 1952
NO6 Comanche NO6

On the Reservation

Almost the only Comanches to become converts to the new Ghost Dance religion were the Wasps and a few on the northern edge of the reservation who were influenced by their northern neighbors. The rest remained indifferent. James Mooney attributes the refusal of the Comanches to accept the Ghost Dance religion to their "general skeptical temperament," to their "tribal pride against borrowing from others," to their carelessness in regard to ceremonial forms, and to their faith in their own mescal (peyote) rites.

That the Comanches were not inherently skeptical is shown by their earlier gullible acceptance of Coyote Droppings' pretensions. To say they had a tribal pride against borrowing from others is manifestly absurd. Although they never abandoned some of their Shoshonean orientations, most of that which typified their culture as Plains was borrowed, and Ralph Linton feels that of all the peoples he knows, the Comanches were one of the most adaptable.[30] The evidence set forth in this book certainly sustains his judgment. It is true that the Comanches were originally unceremonial; they cared no more for ritual form than they did for philosophical or political formality. But they were not averse to incorporating the ritualistic Beaver Ceremony into their culture, and at the end they were grasping for ritual to solidify the quicksands that were engulfing them. They had tried the Sun Dance, and by 1890 they were deeply committed to the Peyote cult—a highly ceremonial form of religion. It could not have been the ceremonial features of the Ghost Dance that repelled them. The fact is that they had been "immunized" to messiahs and salvation by miracle through their experience of 1874. That this is so, is indicated in the fact that the only group of Comanches who embraced the Ghost Dance as a unit were the Wasps, the one band that had gone home in 1874, refusing to participate in Coyote Droppings' Sun Dance. On one point Mooney was right. Peyote was meeting the Comanches' need with sufficient effectiveness to reinforce their immunization against the last, wild desperate appeal to a new messiah.

For many of the Comanches there would still be Christianity, and although the first missionary efforts among them had been begun by the Episcopalian J. B. Wicks in June, 1881, Christianity in 1890 was not a present hope for them.

[30] Personal communication from Linton to Hoebel, September 26, 1950.

20: Wallace H-4,5 (1945) 1953 NO6 Comanche NO6

men's clubs in 1935. During the same year the gardening and food preservation clubs preserved enough to have supplied every Indian family of the agency with more than 100 quarts of canned fruits, plus 37 pounds of dried fruits and vegetables, with 8½ pounds of cured meat. Child welfare clubs made clothes, studied infant care, and dealt with the problem of child health. Home improvement clubs screened homes, made curtains, planted trees, flowers, and shrubs, and dug cellars for the storage of food. Foods nutrition clubs prepared under supervision 3,678 dishes during the year. 4-H Club members canned 837 quarts of food, made 1,183 pieces of clothing, and won two first places and a second place at the state fair.[29]

* * * *

Schools for the education of the Indian children of the Kiowa-Comanche Agency have been of three kinds: government boarding, mission, and state public. The government boarding school pioneered the educational program, provided a vocational training curriculum, and in recent years has become the school for orphans and the destitute. Since the government never intended to establish special schools for all the children, the mission schools rendered invaluable aid during the years preceding the opening of the public schools to them. The majority of children now attend public schools.

The Treaty of Medicine Lodge obligated the federal government to provide instruction for the Indians of the reservation. Congress appropriated a very modest sum for that purpose in 1870, and in the same year Josiah Butler and wife obtained permission to establish an agency school. On February 20, 1871, Butler and his wife opened the first school on the reservation in a thirty by sixty foot building located on the present site of Fort Sill Indian School, with four pupils, all Comanches, in attendance. Butler continued the school until June 27, 1873, but found it very difficult to enforce discipline.[30]

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29. McCowa, Annual Report: Narrative Section, 1935, 16-24.
30. Commissioner of Indian Affairs, Annual Report, 1873, 224.

20: Wallace H-4,5 (1945) 1953 NO6 Comanche NO6

dian School had 2,303 acres of land, 1600 of which was pastured and 650 cultivated. Its 30 modern buildings, valued at $755,000, located on a beautiful fourteen-acre campus on the north bank of the Washita River, served 301 pupils.[38]

The mission school bridged the gap between the restricted government boarding school and the free public school. It was a natural development. The Comanches and Kiowas, by now convinced that their old way of life was gone, offered a fertile field for missionary work. The federal government normally met its needs by means of contracts. Religious denominations welcomed government subsidy for a job they likely would have tried anyway. Thus, when the government in the late 1880's initiated a new policy for making education available ultimately to all Comanche and Kiowa children, it entered into contracts with several religious denominations to operate schools on the reservation. It agreed to pay tuition of pupils on a monthly per capita basis, the amount varying with each contract and from year to year.

The Northern Presbyterian Church was the first to establish a mission school under the new arrangement. Joshua H. Givens, son of the Kiowa Chief, Santanta, had been educated in the East by the Northern Presbyterian Church. When Givens returned to his people in 1889, he joined with the Reverend S. V. Faith, missionary for the Northern Presbyterian Church, in operating Mary Memorial Gregory School. The school was located south of the Washita, four miles from the agency headquarters. Its original capacity of fifty pupils was soon expanded to provide for one hundred.[39]

W. W. Carithers of the Reformed Presbyterian Church in 1889 obtained a tract of land for a mission school. He opened Cache Mission School in the autumn of the next year on Cache Creek, twenty-five miles from the agency, among the Kiowa-Apaches. Carithers gained the confidence and re-

38. Max W. Penrod (Principal of Riverside Indian School) to Wallace, personal interview, June 18, 1945.

39. Commissioner of Indian Affairs, Annual Report, 1900, 352; J. J. Methvin, In the Limelight, or History of Anadarko (copy in University of Oklahoma Library with no title page), 88, 92.

20: Wallace H-4,5 (1945) 1953 NO6 Comanche NO6

797 871 spect of both pupils and parents. The school, with facilities for accommodating about fifty pupils, was well attended by Kiowa-Apaches and Comanches.[40]

The Reverend J. J. Methvin in the same year established Methvin Institute for the Methodist Church, South, two miles from the agency headquarters. Methvin began with fifteen pupils, soon had thirty, and during the second year [874] was able to instruct seventy-five. Realizing that the Indian children were in greater need of instruction in the practical subjects than in the traditional arts, Methvin made the Institute an industrial school.[41] Under his able direction, the school had a relatively successful career for almost two decades.

The government set aside 160 acres of land one and one-half miles south of the agency, in 1889, for a Catholic school. Two years later St. Patrick's School was opened. The government took it over in 1909 and operated it as Anadarko Boarding School until 1932, when it was returned to the Catholics who have since continued it under its original name.[42]

797 871 657 658 For a few years the government increased annually the subsidy to the mission schools. For the school year 1893-94 it paid to four mission schools on the Kiowa-Comanche reservation a total of $2,166.15.[43] However, strong protests were made in 1892 against federal aid to church schools. In 1893 the opposition brought about legislation granting federal tuition payments for Indian children attending public schools, and beginning in 1895, it was able to force a gradual reduction of government aid to mission schools until 1901, when it ceased altogether. After the government

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[113] 40. Agent Charles E. Adams to Commissioner of Indian Affairs, September 16, 1890 (MS, Oklahoma Historical Society Library, correspondence files); Commissioner of Indian Affairs, Annual Report, 1891, 351, and 1900, 353.

41. Methvin, op. cit., 88.

[113] 42. Commissioner of Indian Affairs, Annual Report, 1889, 199; a play entitled "A History of Riverside School" (MS, Riverside Indian School, Anadarko).

43. Commissioner of Indian Affairs, Annual Report, 1894, 604. The monthly federal aid per capita was as follows: Methvin Institute, $1.46; Cache Mission, $1.58; St. Patrick's, $1.84; Baptist Missionary, $2.43. Baptist Missionary School had a very short existence. It was located north of the Washita, and no Comanches attended it. Mary Gregory Memorial was not included among the schools receiving federal aid that year. Federal aid to the three government schools for the same year on a similar basis was: Riverside, $14.15; Rainey Mountain, $12.17; and Fort Sill, $10.45.

20: Wallace H-4,5 (1945) 1953 NO6 Comanche NO6

ceased to provide aid, the mission schools rapidly declined, and within a few years all had closed their doors. St. Mary's and St. Patrick's, both Catholic, were the only mission schools in 1945, and they had a combined enrollment of only thirty-seven pupils.[44] St. Mary's had not been one of the early schools; St. Patrick's had not been a mission school from 1909 to 1932.

In recent years the majority of Comanche and Kiowa children have attended public schools. The long range policy of the Indian administration has been to utilize the public schools as the principal educational agency. It was generally conceded that the Indians could be assimilated into American society more quickly by the public schools than by any other means. Good attendance and satisfactory relations between the two races were essential for success. The opponents of federal aid to mission schools caused Congress in 1893 to take its first positive action of significance toward the execution of this policy. There were very few public schools at the time within reach of the Indian children and enough racial animosity existed to endanger the program if Indian children were forced at once into the public schools. The principal argument against admitting the Indians was that they paid no taxes. But since the white population was sparse and generally in poor economic condition, it needed financial aid in order to have good schools. Congress enacted legislation allowing $12.50 per capita each quarter for children of non-taxpaying Indians attending public schools.[45] By offering to pay tuition it hoped to accomplish a major step in its ultimate goal to use the public schools, to remove local white opposition, and to appease the opponents of federal aid to mission schools. When in 1901 Congress ended federal aid to mission schools without substituting another special school or materially expanding the existing government schools, the public school was the only one left for the majority.

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44. Martin Taylor (Supervisor of Education for the Kiowa-Comanche Agency) to Wallace, personal interview, June 12, 1945.
45. Commissioner of Indian Affairs, *Annual Report*, 1893, 17.

20: Wallace H-4,5 (1945) 1953 NO6 Comanche NO6

657 But the movement to the public schools required time.
871 Although Congress had enacted legislation as early as 1891 permitting officials to compel attendance, the law had been used only rarely to fill the government schools. Compulsory public school attendance at the opening of the new
[177] century was not yet practical. Allotments were not completed until 1906, the schools were few and small, and many whites were still opposed to Indian children in the public schools even for the increased revenue. Furthermore, the Indians did not want to attend. Only forty were enrolled in 1910, but the number increased rapidly during the fol-
657 lowing years. By enrolling the orphans, destitute, and un-
871 desirables in the government schools, the agency removed
177 the cause for much of the white opposition. In 1918 the federal government ruled that the public schools must accept Indian children on the same basis as white children. By 1930, when 884 of the 1582 Indian scholastics were enrolled in public schools, practically all prejudice had disappeared.[46]

871 Teacher reports indicate that Indian children under fif-
153 teen years of age progress as rapidly as white children of
657 the same age group under similar circumstances. Children
871 in the public schools do not get as much vocational training
874 nor as long a term as those in the government schools. The Indian Office staff has urged all schools to include vocational training courses in the curriculum and believes that a few should adopt a program similar to that of the two government schools in order to provide every Indian boy and girl
657 opportunity to obtain a practical education. About two-
871 thirds of the two thousand scholastics in 1944-45 were in
[658] public schools. The cost of the entire education program on the Kiowa-Comanche jurisdiction for the same year amounted to $164,104.72[47] or $82.52 for each scholastic. Compared with state appropriations, this was a liberal expenditure.

797 Christian missionaries not only helped to fill the gap between the restricted government schools and the public

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46. Superintendent Kiowa-Comanche Agency, Annual Report, 1910; Commissioner of Indian Affairs, Annual Report, 1918, 99; Bonilla, op. cit., nos. III, 11.

47. Taylor to Wallace, personal interview, June 13, 1945.

20: Wallace H-4,5 (1945) 1953 NO6 Comanche NO6

schools, they also converted the Indians to Christianity. Religious denominations were slow to send missionaries to the Comanches and the Kiowas. Shortly after his arrival in 1869, Agent Lawrie Tatum made an urgent request for missionaries, but his appeal went unheeded. Battey did some church work aside from his teaching, and the teachers of Riverside School in 1874 began a Sabbath School among the Kiowas.[48] The Reverend John McIntosh, a Baptist minister, began work in 1878 among the Wichita north of the Washita River, and two years later had completed the first church within the consolidated agency jurisdiction. But no Comanches attended any of these services.

It was 1881 before the Comanches heard a missionary. The Reverend J. B. Wicks, an Episcopalian, arrived at Fort Sill on June 23 and immediately began preaching to the Comanches. Wicks was accompanied by two missionaries, a Comanche and a Kiowa, who were returning to work among their own people. The two had been sent as prisoners to Florida in 1874, but had been released in 1878 and trained for missionary work. Wicks soon went to the agency headquarters on the Washita where he organized a church and conducted services for about another year, more for the whites, lamented Missionary J. J. Methvin many years later, than for the Indians.[49]

For several years after Wicks abandoned his efforts, there was no active missionary work. The Methodist held a monthly service for a time during 1885, but according to the agent, there were no Christian services for the Indians the next year. The Methodist Church, South, sent J. J. Methvin in 1887 to work with the Indians south of the Washita. Methvin confined his work to the vicinity of the agency.

Missionary activity did not begin on a significant scale until 1889, two decades after Agent Tatum had arrived to initiate the Quaker peace policy in dealing with the Comanches and Kiowas. The government provided the stim-

48. Commissioner of Indian Affairs, Annual Report, 1874, 222.

49. Agent Hunt, Annual Report, 1884, in Commissioner of Indian Affairs, Annual Report, 1884, 81; Methvin, op. cit., 84.

20: Wallace H-4,5 (1945) 1953 NO6 Comanche NO6

The government provided the stimulus when it inaugurated in 1889 the policy of contracting with religious denominations to operate schools for Indian children on the reservation. Each contracting denomination organized one or more churches and carried on missionary work in connection with its school. The Reverend S. V. Faith of the Northern Presbyterian Church built a church south of the Washita near his school, and the Catholics operated a mission in connection with St. Patrick's School. The Dutch Reformed Church in 1890 built a mission just north of Medicine Bluff. It was in charge of the Reverend Frank Wright. The Baptist and Mennonite sects shortly afterwards entered the field. Between 1888 and 1907, Protestant denominations had fifteen stations and the Catholic one. The Mennonite Church was working exclusively among the Comanches during the time; the Baptist and the Reformed Presbyterian each had one station in Comanche territory. The Baptist with seven stations on the reservation was the most active, but by 1930 the Methodist had taken the lead.

For a long time the Comanches and the Kiowas were not interested in the missionaries. They loved their traditional life, and the medicine men played on their superstitions. Language was a barrier. The following amusing incident illustrates a problem. A missionary by the name of Gassoway was preaching to a group of Comanches in a trader's vacant store on Cache Creek. The Comanches had come out of curiosity to hear Gassoway's first sermon, and were genuinely dismayed to hear him shout and to see him shake his fist. In a few minutes they arose and solemnly filed out of the building. "He is mad at us," they said. Then Gassoway got Horace Jones to interpret for him. All went well until Gassoway began the Lord's Prayer: "Give us this day our daily bread." He got no further. When Jones repeated the words, the Comanches, thinking they were to get something to eat, stood up and shouted in glee: "Oh, ho!" Jones found it difficult to quiet them this time."[50]

It is difficult to evaluate the significance of the Christian missionaries among the Comanches. The missionaries did

50. Nye, *op. cit.*, 341-342, from reminiscences of W. H. Quinette.

20: Wallace H-4,5 (1945) 1953 NO6 Comanche NO6

exert a powerful cultural influence at a time when the Comanches were groping for new behavior patterns. They cooperated with the Indian Office and other agencies in an effort to improve health, education, home life, social relations, and economic conditions of the Indians. As a result, most Comanches today are Protestants.

As a part of its functions, the Kiowa-Comanche Agency supervises a health program. Primarily, its program is both remedial and preventive. The Kiowa-Comanche hospital is located adjacent to Fort Sill Indian School, two miles north of Lawton. The original hospital was built in 1917, but a new wing was completed in 1929 and a tubercular ward was added in 1936. Both additions are fireproof and modern in every respect. The hospital with a capacity of 121 beds in 1945 had never found it necessary to turn away any patients for lack of facilities or trained personnel, according to officials. Some 1993 patients, of whom 798 were Comanches, were admitted to the hospital in 1930.[51]

Since it is neither convenient nor possible for all the people to go to the hospital each time medical service is needed, a clinic is maintained at the Agency headquarters at Anadarko. Three other stations, each with a full-time nurse, and a full-time traveling nurse assist in looking after the health of the Indians. The state health service, with a unit in each county, cooperate with the agency health service. The annual cost of the program during the early 1940's was approximately $190,000, largely derived from tribal funds. Patients unable to pay are not charged for service; the others normally pay a moderate fee.[52]

The health program has brought about a progressive improvement in the health and in health standards of the Comanches and the Kiowas. In addition to remedial and preventive value, the program has had far-reaching cultural significance. Like the Extension Service, the Christian missionaries, and the schools, it, too, is helping the Indians to

51. Buntin, op. cit., sec. III, 6-7.

52. McCown, Kiowa Jurisdiction, Program Kiowa Reservation, 1945, pt. I, 9, pt. II, 24.

22: Dacus Q-3 (no date) 1960 NO6 Comanche NO6
(ca. 1870)

622 624 554 authority is measured by the amount of wealth he may possess and his reputation for courage and skill in war.

624 701 The authority of their war-chiefs often terminates at the conclusion of a single expedition, their official term expiring by limitation.

623 Once a year they have a general council, at which they settle disputes between rival warriors, make regulations and discuss matters pertaining to the welfare of the people. In this council all warriors are entitled to [622] participate, which means, all the grown up men of the tribe. Occasionally a warrior of great wealth, that is the owner of many ponies, and of great personal prowess, will exercise a sort of chieftaincy for many years together. But such instances are rare.

623 203 The council frame certain rules, sanctioned by custom, and not in contravention to the will of the majority, and these are proclaimed by a chief man, who rides among the lodges, pausing at convenient points to recite the law in the hearing of all the people.

673 685 684 Theft, adultery and murder are the cardinal crimes, and for the punishment of these offences, custom has established precedents which have all the authority of a written code. For the first, the offender may satisfy justice by restitution and additional gifts. The second is a crime which, according to Comanche law, men are incapable of committing. The woman guilty of this offense may be punished by castigation, mutilation, or the infliction of the death penalty, at the will of the husband. Her paramour, however, if disposed, can placate the husband by presents. For murder, 682 the penalty is death. The friends and relatives of the victim would disgrace themselves by compounding the felony. They are constituted the avengers, and invariably put to death the criminal, if they can find him. 673 These are about all the offenses cognizable by the Comanche code.

538 THE COMANCHES ARE GREAT STORY-TELLERS. In the mild autumn evenings they gather about the lodges in groups of five or six, and each one endeavors to surpass the others in marvelous stories, either of his own 538 adventures or those of some other person. They have a series of fables, 177 probably obtained from the Spanish Jesuit missionaries, who it is known visited them almost two centuries ago, which they term the "Talks of the [797] Liar." The Comanche name for liar is *esop*, which considering the striking [175] similarity between the "Talks of the *Esop*-Liar," and the fables of the Greek confirms me in the opinion that a majority of the lodge-fire stories of the Comanches are but modified versions of the fables familiar to every school-boy who is set to learn another language than his own. In these fables the fawn is substituted for the lamb, the bear for the lion, the coyote

31: Jones E-5 (1967-1970) 1972 N06 Comanche N06
Oklahoma

late nineteenth century and another maternal uncle who was a twentieth-century Arapaho chief. Each of these facts is individually significant for an understanding of some of the major early influences which affected Sanapia's life.

The recurring descriptive phrase used by my older Comanche informants when speaking of Sanapia's father was, "He was a strong Christian man." His conversion to Christianity occurred in his early middle years, shortly before Sanapia's birth; and, in fact, it was the Presbyterian minister responsible for the father's conversion who was given the honor of naming the new born Sanapia. Her father devoted most of his life to Christian activities among the Comanches, much to the later embarrassment of Sanapia. He was also energetic in attempting to learn and to incorporate into his family's routine the life style of white society. Sanapia's reminiscences of her father depend for their tone and complexion on her vacillating moods. At one time she may speak of him as "a good Christian man and a good father," and at another time she might speak of a father who, through his white-Christian–modeled behavior, brought ridicule upon his wife and family from the Comanche community in which they lived.

> You know, he was the first Christian man among us Comanche peoples. He used to go up to Richard Spur and talk to them people up there. He talk about the bible and things like that. And you know, some of those Indians believed him, what he tells them, but some of them make fun of him and tell him that he don't know nothing about the bible, or he don't know nothing about white

[TEXT CONTINUED ON PAGE 18]

Sanapia and her parents, 1898.

31: Jones E-5 (1967-1970) 1972 N06 Comanche N06
Oklahoma

115 159 797 177 593 man's ways. They say, "We don't want to hear stories about white people that been dead for years . . . dead for a long time." That's what they tell him. When he prayed, some of those people, they tell him, "Who you praying to?" And he said, "Well, I pray to God because the white man told me to." And they just laugh at him. He catch them when they out of peyote meeting on Sunday mornings. Maybe he shouldn't have done that. You wouldn't catch my mother going over there with him. No!

When Sanapia's father embraced Christianity, he turned totally from all 115 things Comanche; at least, this is the opinion of those who knew him. A photo- 159 graph of his wife and him taken in the early twentieth century shows a massive 797 man with short hair, stiffly posing, dressed in a dark suit, dark shoes, white shirt, 177 starched collar, and tie. Beside him stands his wife, dressed in the cloth "squaw 291 dress," apron, sash, and buckskin moccasins, a costume commonly worn by women in the immedite postreservation period, but displaying in her attire style not one trace of the effects of the surrounding white society. This photograph dramatically

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Sanapia's maternal uncle.

31: Jones E-5 (1967-1970) 1972 NO6 Comanche NO6
Oklahoma

This photograph dramatically conveys the nature of a very far-reaching influence on Sanapia's life: a liberal father who attempted to incorporate into his person visible symbols of the white-Christian culture in which he found himself enveloped and an extremely conservative and traditionally oriented mother who had nothing but disdain for the symbols and values of white society.

Sanapia's mother seems to have been almost fanatical in her conservatism. For example, though she knew and understood English, she would never speak it in a white man's presence, feeling that somehow this would belittle her in the

[TEXT CONTINUED ON PAGE 21]

Sanapia's mother and father.

31: Jones E-5 (1967-1970) 1972 NO6 Comanche NO6
Oklahoma

She speaks similarly of peyote:

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That peyote is a real good medicine. They call it . . . some of the Indians call it a sacrament like white peoples who are Christians. God gave that peyote to the Indians to help them when they got sickness. I learned how to use that peyote a lot of ways. You ain't supposed to take it and think you go crazy. No! It's a medicine and that's the way I use it. Peyote gives me power to make people well.

When speaking of her supernatural patron, the eagle, she says:

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The eagle got more power then anything living, I guess. Its got Medicine to help people get well . . . to cure them. I got power like that eagle because the eagle help me when I call on it when I doctor. My mother told me that I be just like that eagle when I doctor. I can feel the eagle working in me when I doctor and try hard to get somebody well. Feels like that eagle tell me in my mind to go ahead and fix that person up . . . get him well.

However, though she utilizes elements of peyotism and Christianity, she has little sympathy for the organized forms of these religions. This is especially true with regard to Christianity.

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The way I know is, when I went to Christian church up there, many, many years back I found out some things. Like when you get hard up, or when you get sick in the family, they ain't going to help you. They don't come. They don't say, "Let's have a prayer meeting for you. Let's do that." They don't say that to you. They really tight. They don't spare nothing with you. I still pray like that, but I'm not going to their church for nothing.

She speaks of the Native American Church:

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They say I supposed to sign my name to belong to that Native Church. I told them that I wasn't going to do that. I been using that medicine for long as I know it, and my mother before me, and her father before her and way, way back like that. I don't have to belong to nothing to use that medicine. We hold meetings here on our place but I ain't going nowhere else around here to peyote meeting. That medicine belong to anybody that needs it and you don't have to belong to the church that they set up if you want to use it.

White Contact

Sanapia's first extensive contact with white society came when she began her schooling at the age of seven at Cache Creek Mission School in southern Oklahoma. She remembers the seven years she spent at Cache Creek as generally pleasant.

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I really did enjoy that school. I like it. The teachers . . . every one of them and our superintendent were all missionaries. They were really nice people. They teach us the bible. All the girls and boys go up there and they teach us all these bible stories and they question us out of the bible to see if we really read it.

31: Jones E-5 (1967-1970) 1972 N06 Comanche N06
Oklahoma

115 159 177 797 877 [212] They teach us the men. We all sitting around there. When she tell us how Jesus was born, we just laugh and act silly and our matron would say, "Don't laugh." Then we ask her, "Did you see the baby?" You know, things like that . . . the older girls and us ask her questions like that. We just laugh about it. All the time we thought it was silly for them not to go and see the baby when it was born. Yeah, we learn how to write and learn how to spell, and arithmetic and whatever they learn us. We caught onto it. Then the government wrote a letter to our superintendent and said to send a bunch of them to Haskell in Kansas. And they sent a bunch of them over there and they went to school up there for about three years and they come back and they were grown and they all got married, but I didn't go. My mother wouldn't sign the papers and my dad wouldn't let me go. "No, we don't want her to go up there. She might run off or she'll freeze to death or somebody might kill her on the road." So a bunch of us girls, we didn't go. And a bunch of them went. My brothers went. They were younger than I and they went. And my mother said, "No, she's not going, but you boys could go. Boys are tougher than the girls." That what she told my brothers and so they went. I didn't care nothing about it either way.

During the summer vacations she would return to her home, which at that time was situated along Chandler Creek in Comanche County, Oklahoma.

115 159 241 I never did go places because we didn't have no places to go in them days . . . no cars or nothing. When we come out of school we just stay home all summer. Help my father with the work and everything he's got. He had lots of crops. My brothers cultivate that corn. I have to ride the horse for them and keep it on the row because the corn was so high that the horse would keep eating back and forth and my father would make me ride that horse to keep him on that line so he won't be eating the tops of the corn. They take turns, three of my brothers, while I be riding that horse all day, all day. In the morning we go plow till noon and then we go to dinner and then we go back and plow again till we get through with it. My father used to teach us to work, you know.

115 159 593 756 868 824 It was during summer vacation prior to her last year at school that Sanapia's mother offered to train her to become a doctor. Sanapia was reticent at first, but combined pressure from her mother and maternal grandmother persuaded her to at least consent to the first phases of this training program, that of learning to identify in their natural habitat the various floral medicines which her mother used in doctoring.

The Middle Years

115 159 756 868 [871] [582] Sanapia left school when she was fourteen years old, and her activities for the next three years were in the main involved with the training program her mother and uncle had established to teach Sanapia all she would need to know to become an eagle doctor. By her seventeenth year Sanapia had successfully completed her training and possessed all the skills, knowledge, and supernatural powers which she would employ in doctoring after she passed menopause. During the period of training her mother had dissuaded her from marriage so that she would

32: Gilles O,X-3 (1902-c.1910) 1974
NO6 Comanche NO6
Oklahoma

000 driven east to the Nations and easily had at least a thirty-six hour start on any pursuit.

Caring for the store's money was a disturbing chore. It was nearly two years before we were able to get a safe, and yet another year before we had a local bank. About the time we got our store started, Dad bought the relinquishment on an improved claim. It was about a mile and a half from the store to the house on the claim. The homesteader was returning to Texas by wagon, so he sold us his furniture as well. When we began living on the claim, it meant carrying the money back and forth.

As it was always dark, winter or summer, before we could close the store, we worked various and sundry schemes to get the money back and forth. It was my job to hitch up the team, as well as to carry the silver. We could easily have two to three hundred dollars in silver if the freight wagons had been held up a day or two.

After I had tied the team out front, I would continue working around the store, including making necessary trips out to the tent warehouse in the rear. Finally I would stroll out into the darkness and not come back. I would have the coin sacks, my shotgun, and my bird dog. I tried to go a little different route each night; and before I approached the house I would send the dog ahead to inspect the house and barn to see if we had any company.

Mother handled the paper money and checks. She had a brownish tan wallet like the ones men carried in their inside coat pockets in those days. It was about the color of mesquite grass, and she had several feet of black thread fastened to it. She planned, if anyone stopped her, to throw the wallet out into the prairie. The thread would help us find it the next morning.

439 Our Indian business just seemed to happen. At least we had made
177 no conscious effort to attract it. In fact, Dad and Mother never made
443 any effort to learn the Comanche language. We were surprised to learn later that many merchants made it a practice to boost the price if an Indian was buying. I am sure that idea never occurred to any of
[797] us. We were later to find that the missionaries had been checking our prices and bookkeeping and had passed the word on to the Indians that we had one price for all.

We had no family history of past trouble with Indians; so when an Indian came in the store we accorded him the same degree of courtesy that we did a white person, and the Indians responded.

32: Gilles O,X-3 (1902-c.1910) 1974
NO6 Comanche NO6
Oklahoma

THE LOST ONES

WHEN WE WENT into the Comanche country in the spring of 1902, 114
it was not only a new country but a new way of life to me, a fourteen-year-old Kansas farm boy. The people I met, homesteaders or homeseekers, came from nearly every state in the Union, as well as from the Indian Nations. Ringed about us were Comanche families, camped rather than living on their allotments.

It was the Comanches, of course, who made the greatest impression on me. Almost as soon as Dad got his trading store opened, we started having an Indian trade. It just seemed to happen. We made no conscious effort to attract the Indians and wouldn't have known how had we wanted to try.

Mother bought our opening stock of dry goods, and she continued to do the buying as long as we ran the store. A few bolts of bright 443
colors, in both calico and gingham, together with matching cotton 177
braid, possibly proved an attraction to the Indian women at the start. Then too, Dad and Mother had the theory that we should treat everyone with the same degree of courtesy. These two things were the only concessions, if they were concessions, you could say we made.

Another thing that probably helped was that a missionary who 443
ran a mission back to the northeast on Blue Beaver Creek made a 177
check, unbeknownst to us, of the prices we charged to the white and 797

32: Gilles O,X-3 (1902-c.1910) 1974
NO6 Comanche NO6
Oklahoma

the Indian customers. Later he ran another check on the accuracy of our bookkeeping. He passed this information on to the Indians. I can well remember my embarrassment when one day, after he had finished his investigations, the Reverend Mr. Deyo shook my hand and thanked me for "dealing honestly with my people." It seemed just a little hard for him to understand that a white merchant would voluntarily deal honestly with the Indians. But I am sure Dad, Mother, and I would have been just as puzzled had anyone suggested we deal any other way. At least, I never heard the subject discussed.

I am positive that at the time I had never heard the word "romantic," but it represents the way I thought about the Comanches in our trade territory. They belonged to the group known as Quohadie Tejas, or Antelope Eaters. Their range had been the high plains, centered in what is now the Texas Panhandle, and their leader was Quanah Parker. They had fought at Adobe Walls and in June, 1876, had been the last of the Comanches to surrender to the Army. By simple arithmetic, I knew that every male from the late forties upward had been a warrior. For my own convenience in thinking of them, I separated them into a group I called "the old fellows."

There was another group I didn't have to separate out, those ranging in age from their late teens to the late thirties or early forties. They separated themselves out. Not only did they hold themselves aloof from the whites, but there was a separateness between them and the older Indians—apparently including their own parents.

I learned that these particular Indians had been East to a school financed by the government at Carlisle, Pennsylvania. I learned that most of them had the equivalent of a high school education, and some had done college work. Now that they were home with the tribe, they made not the slightest move to use what they had learned, either to better their own condition or to be of assistance to the tribe.

They talked only Comanche among themselves, and wouldn't speak English when conversing with whites if they could make themselves understood by grunts, sign language, or pointing. I called these Indians the Carlisle group.

These young men and older boys, as well as the girls of the same age group, were better-looking Indians than the older, warrior-aged group and their squaws. It was most noticeable in their legs, which were straighter and better developed and appeared longer—the bandy look of the oldsters' legs had disappeared. These young Indians had

32: Gilles O,X-3 (1902-c.1910) 1974
NO6 Comanche NO6
Oklahoma

until years later, after I had gone away to college myself, that I tried to analyze the reasons for the old fellows' interest in me.

One conclusion I reached was that because of my size and what they saw me doing, they had thought of me as being older than I actually was. I was as tall as I am now and weighed a muscular 180 pounds. My parents were expecting a man's work from me, and they saw to it that I kept busy. In my skills, I could do a man's work and was doing it, though I was carrying around on my large body only a fourteen-year-old head and, of course, a like amount of experience.

While we were getting the store into operation, Dad hired the team and me out several days to haul rock for the new school's foundation. Then, to have some spending money, I hired myself out to a farmer to break prairie sod—driving one of his teams. I hauled freight for the store, waited on the trade, and, after Dad bought a relinquishment, did the necessary farm work on the claim. When I had leisure I fished and hunted. These old fellows often saw me five or more miles from town, and to the horse-minded Comanches that was an unheard-of distance for anyone to walk.

This continuous activity of mine must have contrasted bitterly with the inertness of their own offspring. And one other possibility occurred to me. Almost all the older Comanches drank hard liquor, when the opportunity was present, but they had great respect for any white man who abstained.

Here was a man who could obtain whiskey at any time and yet didn't drink. It meant something special to them. In their book I was a Jesus Man. Apparently they could conceive of no other reason for abstention. This thinking possibly related to the missionaries, sent out by churches in the East, who were the only white men they had come in contact with who didn't drink.

One Carlisle man who found a beneficial and happy use for his education was Charley Ross. He must have been one of the very first Comanches sent to Carlisle after the surrender in 1876. A happy, outgoing chap, he made a life's work of smoothing the way between the white man and the older Indians. I saw him often and knew him quite well while Dad had his trading store. Once I saw him interpreting a sermon at an Indian camp meeting. After I started to practice law in Oklahoma City, I saw him acting as an interpreter in court trials, and once in a legislative committee hearing. He was always available when his people needed him.

32: Gilles O,X-3 (1902-c.1910) 1974
NO6 Comanche NO6
Oklahoma

who would explain to the older man the amount of the check and look to see that we gave him the right amount of money.

In contrast, Charley was always ready to ease the contact between the two races. He sought and found many ways to aid his people in their dealings with the white settlers. Among the tasks which he allotted to himself was that of translating for ministers. Much of the effort to bring the Christian religion to the Comanche was made by ministers unfamiliar with the language. I knew only two ministers who could exhort in the Comanche tongue. The rest had to depend on interpreters when they were preaching. According to Mrs. Cato, her father and mother were charter members of the Baptist church organized at the Deyo Mission on Blue Beaver Creek, west of Lawton and south of the Wichitas. Charley Ross became interpreter for various missionaries connected with the Northern Baptist Convention, now known as the American Baptist Convention. His children and grandchildren are helping to carry on the work of this church organization. Following the death of Reverend Deyo's wife, his brother-in-law, a Mr. Given, and his wife lived at the Deyo Mission parsonage and helped Mr. Deyo carry on his work. When Charley's son was born he was named Given, in honor of this good man. That son, Given M. Ross, now lives in Oklahoma City.

Charley also acted as interpreter in government matters. Of course, I was never present when conferences were held between government officials and tribal leaders, but I am sure Charley was often there as interpreter. I have seen him both in state courts and in the United States District Court, acting as the official interpreter in order that an Indian might have his day in court. On at least one occasion he was used as an interpreter before a legislative committee at the state capitol. This, I believe, was during the consideration of a bill to abolish the Peyote Religious Ceremony. Charley was one who made the wishes of the old fellows known to the state legislature.

These are some of the ways in which Charley Ross spent his long and busy life, smoothing the path between the two races. His task was not easy. Hostility, animosity, bigotry, avarice, and suspicion, if not openly apparent, were but thinly camouflaged on either side when the white man and the Indian were at odds.

In such situations, an interpreter must have the confidence of both parties, or confusion results. One example concerns the signing, in October, 1892, at Fort Sill, of the Jerome Agreement, between the

32: Gilles O,X-3 (1902-c.1910) 1974
NO6 Comanche NO6
Oklahoma

to them tobacco was a gift from the great spirit. What I had witnessed could be considered in the nature of a prayer or communion—perhaps you could apply the word *sacrament* to it.

I made a number of plans to observe these incidents more thoroughly, but none materialized. One was to count the number of puffs each took from the cigarette, and another was to find out who furnished Old Warrior his whiskey. The trouble was that I could only watch Mr. and Mrs. Old Warrior between the chores which needed to be done around the store. Late customers had to be waited upon; the team of little Spanish driving mules had to be hitched up for our trip to the claim, when we could finally close the store; occasionally there were letters to be mailed, so they would be sure to leave on the early morning mail hack for Lawton. These necessary duties made my watching a hit-and-miss activity.

Mr. and Mrs. Old Warrior's ritual extended to the drinking of whiskey. The bottle was always kept out of sight. When Old Warrior had the bottle opened, Mrs. Warrior held up part of her blanket over one arm in front of her husband, hiding him while he had his drink. When it was Mrs. Warrior's turn, he held up his blanket to shield her.

After the bottle passed back and forth a few times, the old couple headed for home. But they never left the bottle, so I assumed they kept some for the road. Their departure would leave me with a number of things to wonder about.

I wondered if they would make it home safely, if the little mare was trained to wait in case they went to sleep and fell off. If the weather was inclement, I worried about the two elderly people catching cold. Also, I wondered what their three Carlisle-educated children, two sons and a daughter, thought of their parents' late hours.

The old people's confidence in the little chubby mare was not misplaced. They survived each trip. I imagine Old Warrior and his wife felt they had been very discreet while in town, and that none of the white people had the slightest idea they had purchased whiskey.

I once heard a story at a Comanche gathering that may explain the care Old Warrior and his wife exercised when on whiskey trips. An old fellow told of having the record books of the old Deyo Mission. They had been left with his father, Ho-var-ith-kh, for safekeeping.

After telling of the formation of the first congregation, he turned to me and said laughingly, "You knew Old Warrior? Well, once Old

32: Gilles O,X-3 (1902-c.1910) 1974
NO6 Comanche NO6
Oklahoma

Warrior got drunk and made a scene, and they "churched" him. Brought him up for trial in the church for being drunk. The charge and the minutes are written in the books. They didn't throw him out, though. Old Warrior promised to do better, and they gave him another chance."

Maybe this explains Old Warrior's actions—riding to town and back across the prairies instead of coming and going by the road and coming to town just at dark, knowing that the Indians and most white people would have left town in time to get home before night set in and the near emptiness of the unlighted street would make it easier for the whiskey peddler to slip him the whiskey.

32: Gilles O,X-3 (1902-c.1910) 1974
NO6 Comanche NO6
Oklahoma

for at least five years. His brother must have put his brand on many horses. One thing I must not forget. We had figured my horse's age, by his teeth, as possibly eight or nine years old—though after seven their teeth are not too accurate a gauge.

Some five or six miles east of the town of Cache, Blue Beaver Creek liberates itself from the mountains and, flowing south, crosses the boundary between the Wild Life Refuge and the homestead-allotment area. Just there is located the Deyo Mission.

It took its name from its founder, the Reverend E. C. Deyo, a minister affiliated with the Northern Baptist Convention. A number of my old friends were charter members of the Native Baptist Church he organized there. The Reverend Deyo was a smallish man, about five feet six or seven inches tall. He wore an auburn Prince Albert beard that was always carefully trimmed. Rich colored, it was without a single gray hair.

He was one of the two missionaries I knew who learned the Comanche tongue and could converse and preach to the Comanches in their own language. He was in our store a number of times, directly after the country opened, when there would be an Indian gathering in our vicinity.

I never learned what, if any, religious influence Wer-que-yah may have experienced before the advent of Preacher Deyo, but it was quite evident that the little missionary and his church were influencing his later life.

A big event for me was making my first Grass Money payment on my own initiative, in the absence of my parents. I rode directly to the town of Cache before going to the reservation. I collected from an Indian or two I found in town, and learned from them where some of our other customers were camped.

There must have been two hundred or more Indian families in individual camps, scattered over possibly three hundred acres. The entrance to the camp-out was on the north, and a short way inside the gate sat the Red Store, the place of business of the licensed trader. He was a merchant licensed by the Indian Department. He operated on Indian ground and was permitted to do a credit business with the Indians, and he sat at the Army quartermaster's table when the payments were made. If the Indian being paid owed an account, the trader got his money first.

32: Gilles O,X-3 (1902-c.1910) 1974
NO6 Comanche NO6
Oklahoma

Wer-que-yah's camp sat a ways to the west of the trading post, in a small grove of blackjack trees. When I rode up, he was apparently pleased to see me. I was to learn that this was the general attitude of all our Indian customers—glad we were collecting so their credit would be good until another payment. Putting away what they owed until they came home and paid us was too great a problem for them to cope with. Should they remain camped there till the rest of their money was gone, they would spend the money they were saving for our account.

Before leaving the store that morning, I took a small memo book and copied the amount each Indian owed as shown by the ledger. I believe there were only fifteen accounts in this first payment. After we shook hands, I got out my little book and started to tell Wer-que-yah how much he owed.

Then his manner changed. He seemed bothered and was no longer smiling. He began telling me to wait, "his house," for *tiwa* (white man), "then I pay." On foot, he hurried toward the south, across a bit of a swag in the prairie. I could see him all the way till he entered a tent. He came out quickly. With him was the little Baptist missionary —well-trimmed Prince Albert whiskers and all.

Whenever I had met him, the missionary had had a calm, friendly, but dignified manner. But I realized as they approached now that both he and the Indian were of solemn mien. Reverend Deyo carried a small tablet and a pencil. Almost at once, he asked, "How much do you claim this man owes you?"

I took out my little memorandum book again and showed him the amount opposite Wer-que-yah's name—I believe it was slightly over $59.00—and he wrote it down at the top of his tablet. "I asked this Indian to keep his duplicate sales slips," he told me. "I want to see how their total compares."

I was busy thinking, while my customer went over to his hack and secured a woman's old purse that had long since lost both its shape and its looks. I was wondering what sort of a box the preacher and the Indian were trying to put me in. Supposing he hadn't kept all of the slips? Suppose he was honest, but had lost some? Maybe we hadn't always given him a duplicate!

The slips were rolled up endwise and tied with a strip of bed ticking. We untied them and straightened them out, and I started reading the total of each. The minister wrote them down in a column.

32: Gilles O,X-3 (1902-c.1910) 1974
NO6 Comanche NO6
Oklahoma

452 Soon I came to a slip with a mistake of a dollar in the Indian's favor.
797 It was my mother's writing. The Indian had brought back a pair of girl's shoes, taken another pair that cost more, and also bought supplies —groceries and dry goods. I called the preacher's attention to the mistake, and he agreed. "Yes, it should be a dollar more." And he wrote it down that way. When he totaled the entries, the amount was exactly a dollar more than the amount I had given him.

During the auditing of the slips, both the minister and the Indian had remained grave and distant. The atmosphere wasn't friendly. Maybe they were embarrassed. I was. I was only in my fifteenth year, though I was operating in an adult sphere. My head was only a fifteen year-old head, and the same went for my experience. It was the first time anyone had seen fit to check our bookkeeping. In a way, I was feeling accused.

But when the preacher explained to Wer-que-yah, in the Comanche tongue, that our bookkeeping was honest, there was a bit of a lilt to the missionary's voice. And now the Indian was all smiles. As we arose from the ground, he exclaimed, "Wano! Wano!" a number of times and patted my back vigorously.

Then it was Reverend Deyo's turn. He extended his hand, saying, "I want to thank you for dealing with *my people* honestly. I checked your prices. I already knew you sell to the Indian and the white man at the same price. I shall tell *my people* you deal honestly. Not all merchants treat uneducated Indians fairly."

439 This incident may have accounted for some of our success as in-
452 dependent Indian traders. We, in turn, had to depend entirely upon
[672] the honesty of the Indian. He could neither be sued, nor could a judgment be levied against him.

000 Several years ago, two of my nephews were living with me and attending the university. One popular song you heard each time you tuned in on a radio program was "Don't Take Your Guns to Town, Son!" It was a plea of a mother to her son, just approaching young manhood, not to go to town armed, lest some gunman might see an easy way to get another notch on his gun and kill her offspring.

609 I told the boys I had once received much the same advice from an
452 old Indian from whom I tried to borrow a gun while I was badly scared. It was Wer-que-yah. It happened during another Grass Money payment at the same Cache reservation. This time Wer-que-yah's